The Comical Hiſtory of the *Merchant of Venice.*

Enter Anthonio, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Anthonio. Inſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me, you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuffe tis made off, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: & ſuch a want-wit ſadnes makes of me,
That I haue much adoe to know my ſelfe.

Salarino. Your minde is toſſing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portly ſayle,
Like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the ſea,
Doe ouer-peere the petty traffiquers
That curſie to them, do them reuerence
As they flie by them with their wouen wings.

Salanio. Beleeue me ſir, had I ſuch venture foorth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad, I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſſe, to know where ſits the winde,
Piering in Maps, for Ports, for Peeres and Rodes;
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.